

Two-Minute Beauty Chats By Pauline Furlong

Building Up the Arms
PINCHING the flesh on the arms and rolling it about between the thumb and forefinger of each hand encourages blood circulation, and should be combined with massage, soap scrubs, etc., to keep the arms white, smooth and shapely.

Some women complain that strenuous exercise, tennis, bag punching, etc., has overdeveloped the muscles in their arms. When this condition exists and the arms appear hard and knobby, massage alone should be used to build up the flesh and make the arms appear round, soft and smooth, as nature intended.

Arms that are tanned and badly sunburned should be given a bath in buttermilk each day, and after letting this dry for several hours remove with cool, clear water.

Another exercise for the over-fleshy arm is the clothes-wringing movement, which should be applied by another person, grasping each arm in the fleshy part and twisting it around with both hands, just the same as wringing water out of clothes. The more strenuous the wringing process the quicker the results.

Freckles may be faded from the shoulders and arms if the following mixture is applied to them with a sponge several times each day: powdered borax, two teaspoonfuls; horseradish root, shaved, one ounce; boiling water, two cups.

Remember that the arms should correspond to the size of the body, and it is really quite a simple matter to bring them to normal proportions through proper exercises, chosen with intelligence and practiced with persistence. These simple precautions will bring about really wonderful results, which I know from personal experience are worth while trying a few months.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.

RED, ROUGH HANDS—MABEL.
T. Keep the hands out of hot water and do not use strong soaps and soap powders. Wear rubber gloves when the hands are kept in water and cosmetic gloves at night. Any old, large gloves with the fingers removed will answer this purpose and rub hands well with plain mutton tallow before retiring. Always wear gloves when in the cold air.

HICCUGH—MARTHA: Have the child draw a long breath and hold it as long as possible. A good remedy when the hiccoughs are as severe as you mention in your letter is to place a large mustard plaster over the stomach or gently massage with hot vinegar, brandy or alcohol.

EARACHE—MRS. FRANK C.
Home ointment to the seat of the pain should be applied. Hot poultices will also be found beneficial in bringing quick relief. Hot drinks are also advised. A small piece of cotton wool, moistened with very hot or very cold water on arising and then the body circling exercise for about five minutes, slowly and without jerking or other efforts.

ONIONS AS FOOD—MRS. FRED F.
Onions are not fattening if eaten raw or cooked without butter or cream sauce. They are slightly laxative and contain sulphur and other things which are beneficial to the blood. Apples are not fattening either, and are also a healthful food. An apple eaten at bed time and followed with two glasses of water will regulate the bowels, purify the mouth and breath and cause you to awaken with a very pleasant taste in your mouth.

FIG PASTE—MRS. SYLVESTER Y.
(By request)—Take one pound of figs and the prunes and chop the fruits fine, put them in a saucepan with one ounce of senna powder (not henna) and add two cups of hot water. Let simmer until it forms a stiff mass, then pour on oiled paper. When cold wrap in oiled paper and place in a glass jar until wanted. Take about a square inch of the paste each night before retiring.

RUSH OF BLOOD TO HEAD AND DIZZINESS—M. R.
Several conditions may cause this, but it indicates, principally lowered vitality, poor circulation, nervous trouble existing, indigestion, constipation, etc. Surely the attacks are due to some error in living and eating. Strenuous exercises for the trunk muscles, deep breathing and walks in the fresh air, with lighter diet, will help improve your physical condition.

SOFT CORNS—MARTY T.
These, like other troubles, are more easily prevented than cured. Improper drying or excessive perspiration causes them. Bathe the feet in hot and then

DRYING FRUITS QUICKLY.
YOU can use an electric fan to help provide a cheap living with a variety of wholesome, clean, nourishing food. An electric fan and a kitchen knife are the only tools necessary. Drying of fruits can be done in home-made box trays, a table top, sheet, strings (apples, pears, etc.) and dozens of other ways—even the United States Department of Agriculture says: "The American method has a marked advantage in that the product keeps cool, owing to evaporation while it is being dried, thus tending to retain the color and eliminate spoilage."
Almost all the vegetables and fruits can be treated in this way—even the most juicy, like tomatoes. And, besides, this new way of drying eliminates the biggest part of the work. It does away with a lot of canning, and that's good, for jars and containers are very scarce and high in price. At odd times the housewife can pick up choice bargains at the market, prepare them in a few minutes, and the drying goes on while she attends to something else.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten

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The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

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TRYOUT FOR BALLET DANCERS TO-DAY

ALL KIDDIE KLUB BALLET DANCERS RESIDING IN BROOKLYN OR LONG ISLAND, WHO WISH TO DANCE IN THE KLUB BALLET, ARE INVITED TO MEET MISS FLORENCE TOPHAM IN THE MAJESTIC THEATRE, BROOKLYN, AT 4 O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON, FOR A SPECIAL TRY-OUT. THOSE WHO DID NOT ATTEND THE TRY-OUT LAST SATURDAY WILL ALSO BE WELCOME.

NEXT KHORUS REHEARSAL SATURDAY

At the Brooklyn Music School Settlement, No. 525 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn

GET OFF THE SUBWAY AT ATLANTIC AVENUE STATION, TAKE ST. JOHN'S PLACE CAR TO PACIFIC STREET, AND WALK UP ONE BLOCK.

There is Still Time to Join. Come Between 9.30 and 10 o'Clock on Saturday Morning

M. CHARLES A. MAY, who is chorus master at the Music School Settlement and, just now, Khorus master of our Patriotic Khorus, is well pleased with the big response and the good voices of the Kiddie Klub members.

Forty-six boys and girls rehearsed on Tuesday. The Klub and its friends will be proud to have that many boys and that many girls, too, to sing Uncle Sam's blarney songs in rousing accord. The Khorus will play a prominent part in the performance, and each singer's name will appear on the programme.

Miss Heatrice, whose untiring interest and activity in our Christmas celebration we will never forget, has not forgotten us either. She says that she could not forego the pleasure of attending our rehearsals. Aren't you pleased?

Cousin Eleanor.

The Fairy's Wedding

JUST as the town clock struck midnight there was heard the flapping of moth wings and little feet scampering across the grass. The Queen of the Roses was going to be married to Oberon, King of the Fairies. There was a great bustle and the fairy fingers of her handmaid's were fixing the bride's cobweb veil. Some were strewing flowers over the ground where the happy pair were to be married. Finally all was ready and the little fairy folk stood on their tiptoes to see the procession. The bride came first. She was dressed all in white, and her robe was made of rose petals. On her head she wore a veil made by her friend the spider. Oberon was dressed in green, and so were all the other

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Q. May members send in their shirt collars to be made into a quilt?
A. Either way will be acceptable.
Q. May we write about Thrift Stamps?
A. Yes.
Q. How should we address envelopes when we send in contributions?
A. To Miss Eleanor Schorer, World's Kiddie Klub, No. 525 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q. Is it necessary to have your certificate number when you complete for a trial?
A. Yes, if you have your certificate number for a new one, following the directions printed in the booklet.
Q. Why are some children's names only written and not their pictures?
A. Children's stories and poems are published in the Klub magazine, but their pictures are not. We are sorry that we cannot print them, but we are sorry that we cannot print them.

HEART OF THE SUNSET By REX BEACH

A BREATH OF THE BIG WEST IN EVERY LINE

BEGIN IT ON THIS PAGE MONDAY, APRIL 1

came with the parcels post from Vienna. Here they're brought by a messenger.
"Now may I ask where you lived in the past?"
"No, we rented the larger part of a house from a Mrs. von Proben. She owned the house and also a very unpleasant son. He was one of those conceited individuals, although good-natured, who had no right to be, for the only thing noticeable about him was his ugliness."
"I suppose he tried to attract your attention?"
"No more than he did that of everybody else. But I shouldn't talk so about him. The poor fellow can't help being ugly. In spite of his ugliness he was not very aggressive, and they said that he was honest and very capable, too."

The morning after his return from Pressburg, Muller made an early call on Johann Stiller. He had the address from the police and walked into the young man's room without much ceremony.
"You are Johann Stiller?" the detective said.
"And who are you?" asked the man who sat at the table, a true type of bully of the tenement districts.
"I'm a police agent."
Stiller said nothing for a moment. He continued to drink his morning coffee as if the matter didn't concern him at all. But it did not escape Muller's notice that the spoon shook in his hand.
The detective sat down on the only other chair in the bare little room and began comfortably. "Don't let your coffee get cold. I just want to tell me a little more about that hold-up last week. Now Karl Tonner?"
Stiller jumped up, dropping his spoon on the floor. "Has that fool been talking?"
"Do be quiet. You'll alarm the whole house, and besides, nobody's locked you up yet."
"What do you mean by that?"
"Merely a hint that I haven't come to arrest you—in fact I haven't any warrant to do it."
Johann Stiller looked at his visitor in surprise.
"Then what's your game?" he asked, sitting down again.
"First of all I have a suggestion, suppose you take a position with the Street-Cleaning Department."

(To Be Continued.)

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK CORD BY AUGUSTA CRONER

Errant Ways Lead a Young Man to an Unexpected Conclusion After Many Dangers

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. (Copyright, Duffield & Co.)

Lois Muller, a wealthy old man of Innsbruck, near Vienna, is strangely missing. Mrs. Tonner, his daughter, is a beautiful girl, who is now in Vienna. She is the only one who knows where he is. She is the only one who knows where he is. She is the only one who knows where he is.

CHAPTER VII.

MULLER heard Karl ask for a third-class ticket to Vienna. There was no third-class ticket on the express, so the young man was obliged to go second. When he had his ticket he hurried out to the platform, Muller still following. The detective motioned to the waiting conductor and the official helped the young man into the compartment that Muller had reserved. The latter got in himself and a moment later the train started.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Tonner," began Muller, when they were well on their way.
Karl Tonner sprang from his seat, the bank back again, stammering.
"You want to know who I am?" asked Muller with a smile. "I am a man who has come to find you and take you home—I am a detective."

"What?" Karl asked, looking at him with a blank expression.
"Don't be angry," he said; "you ought to have known that you couldn't depend on Stiller."
"But it was he who told me to stand watch."
"Even then you didn't have to do it."
"Did you ever go a whole week without anything to eat?"
"No, I'm not afraid of work."

Karl Tonner's eyes dropped. "I was coming home," he said, after a pause. "I was coming back to see my mother. But I won't be able to do it now. I won't be able to ask her to forgive me. I never thought that I'd be arrested now—oh, my poor mother will never outlive it!"
"But you won't, all right."
"Oh, don't make fun of me. Haven't you got a heart?"
"About as much as you have, to judge by your conduct toward your mother."
"Oh, I'm good for nothing—I know that. But how do you know so much about me? Have the police been watching me?"
"They've naturally been looking up your record. They want to find out about the other matter."

After this they both relaxed into silence. Karl did not say another word, even when the station was reached. He followed Muller quietly into the cab and sat cowering in the corner as they drove through the lighted streets. Supposing that he was being driven to prison he paid no attention to his surroundings. Mechanically he alighted when the carriage stopped and followed the detective into the house and into a room on the ground floor. It was a comfortable, warm and well-lit room, but the unhappy boy did not notice it. He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.
"And I've come down to this," he thought. "But no one will pity me, for I've deserved it."
He sat there for some time until he heard steps outside and the door opened softly. Even then he didn't dare look up. "Now they're coming after me to take me to the cell," he thought. Finally, as no one spoke he mustered up courage to raise his head, looking toward the now open door. With a cry he sprang up, ran forward and fell on his knees at the feet of the woman who stood there.
"Mother, oh, mother!" he sobbed.

CHAPTER VIII.
THAT same evening, while Muller and Karl Tonner were making the journey from Pressburg to Vienna, Leopold Muller sat by the side of Nellie von Felden, in a cozy drawing room, bright with lights and flowers. There had been no definite word spoken between the young people. But they themselves were as little in doubt as to their feelings for one another as was the rest of the family gathered that filled the adjoining rooms of the Felden home. Paul was cool and Nellie's father, the retired Colonel von Felden, had suffered financial reverses owing to his generosity in shouldering a comrade's debt. Neither of the young people could raise the sum of money required by the Austrian military authorities as a first condition for consent to the marriage of an army officer. Paul was a man of sensitive mind and high ideals of honor. He would not consent to lend the girl to him thus hopelessly.

Apart from the one abiding love of his affection for her, there was something else in Paul's mind that night, something he wanted to speak to Nellie about. But he could not find courage to broach the subject. When they had sat silent for some little time, Nellie said:
"You asked me to leave the others and come in here because you had something to say to me. What is it?"
Without answering, Paul handed her the anonymous letter. She read